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A
FATHER'S ADVICE
TO
HIS SON:
AN
ELEGY.

Written a hundred and fifty years ago, and now first published from a manuscript found among the papers of a late NOBLE LORD.

——— *aspice vultus*
Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore posses
Inserere, et patrias intus dependere curas.

OVID. METAM.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in *Pall-mall*; and sold by
M. COOPER, in *Pater-noster-row*. 1759.

FATHER'S ADVICE

H I S O N:

E L F Y.



When a hand is laid on your egg, and you find it
it is from a man who is among the great of
the world.

My dear son, I have written this letter to you
because I have a great deal to say to you
and I want you to know what I have to say.

Yours truly,
F. D. O.

F O R D O

There is a great deal to be said for the
man who is a great deal of a man.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following little poem was found very lately among the papers of a nobleman who died not long ago, to whose successor being of no value, and entirely unintelligible, he made a present of it to the Editor.

There is a tradition in the family, that one of their Ancestors, about a hundred and fifty years ago, retir'd early in life from the world and spent the remainder of his days in literary amusements. This piece seems to be one of his compositions, from the following reasons: The manner of rhyming, and several expressions now obsolete, agree perfectly with those which were in common use at the time when, 'tis imagin'd, this Elegy was compos'd; the sentiments therein contain'd are what the suppos'd Author, 'tis said, did constantly recommend to others, and countenance, as much as he was able, by his own practice; and lastly, the manuscript plainly appears to have been written by the same hand as
seve-

several letters and papers of business, which are dated and sign'd by that Gentleman.

If the reader is pleas'd with either the poetry or sentiments, he needs not be constrain'd to suppress his approbation; for the heart that breath'd 'em can no longer be sensible of the voice of fame, having ceas'd to beat, perhaps, a hundred years before he was born. But should any farther painful apprehension remain, lest the living descendants of the Author might derive pleasure or credit from what favor the public could shew the piece, that scruple will likewise vanish as soon as the former, when he considers how very few modern Persons of Distinction, have any considerations at all of that sort.

A
FATHER'S ADVICE
T O

H I S S O N:
A N
E L E G Y.

DEEP in a grove by cypress shaded,
Where mid-day sun had feldom shone,
Or noise the solemn scene invaded,
Save some afflicted Muse's moan,

A swain t'wards full-ag'd manhood wending
Sate sorrowing at the close of day,
At whose fond side a boy attending
Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The

The father's eyes no object wrested,
 But on the smiling prattler hung,
 Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,
 These accents trembled from his tongue.

“ My youth's first hope, my manhood's treasure,
 “ My prattling Innocent attend,
 “ Nor fear rebuke or sour displeasure,
 “ A father's loveliest name is friend.

“ Some truths, from long experience flowing,
 “ Worth more than royal grants receive,
 “ For truths are wealth of Heav'n's bestowing,
 “ Which kings have seldom power to give.

“ Since from an ancient race descended
 “ You boast an unattainted blood,
 “ By your's be their fair fame attended,
 “ And claim by birth-right to be good.

“ In

“ In love for ev’ry fellow creature

“ Superior rise above the crowd,

“ What most ennobles human nature

“ Was ne’er the portion of the proud.

“ Be thine the gen’rous heart that borrows

“ From others joys a friendly glow,

“ And for each hapless neighbour’s sorrows

“ Throbs with a sympathetic woe.

“ This is the temper most endearing ;

“ Tho’ wide proud pomp her banner spreads,

“ An heav’nlier pow’r good-nature bearing

“ Each heart in willing thralldom leads.

“ Taste not from fame’s uncertain fountain

“ The peace-destroying streams that flow,

“ Nor from ambition’s dang’rous mountain

“ Look down upon the world below.

“ The

- “ The princely pine on hills exalted,
 “ Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
 “ By winds, long brav’d, at last assaulted
 “ Is headlong whirl’d in dust to lie ;
- “ Whilst the mild rose more safely growing
 “ Low in it’s un aspiring vale,
 “ Amidst retirements shelter blowing
 “ Exchanges sweets with ev’ry gale.
- “ With not for beauty’s darling features
 “ Moulded by nature’s fondling pow’r,
 “ For fairest forms ’mong human creatures
 “ Shine but the pageants of an hour.
- “ I saw, the pride of all the meadow,
 “ At noon, a gay narcissus blow
 “ Upon a river’s bank, whose shadow
 “ Bloom’d in the silver waves below ;

“ By
 I

“ By noon-tide’s heat it’s youth was wasted,

“ The waters, as they pass’d, complain’d,

“ At eve it’s glories all were blasted

“ And not one former tint remain’d.

“ Nor let vain wit’s deceitful glory

“ Lead you from wisdom’s path astray,

“ What genius lives renown’d in story

“ To happiness who found the way.

“ In yonder mead behold that vapor

“ Whose vivid beams illusive play,

“ Far off it seems a friendly taper

“ To guide the trav’ler on his way;

“ But should some hapless wretch pursuing

“ Tread where the treach’rous meteors glow,

“ He’d find, too late his rashness rueing,

“ That fatal quicksands lurk below.

B

“ In

“ In life such bubbles nought admiring

“ Gilt with false light and fill'd with air,

“ Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,

“ To peace in virtue's cot repair ;

“ There seek the never wasted treasure,

“ Which mutual love and friendship give,

“ Domestic comfort, spotless pleasure,

“ And blest'd and blessing you will live.

“ If Heav'n with children crowns your dwelling,

“ As mine it's bounty does with you,

“ In fondness fatherly excelling

“ Th' example you have felt pursue.”

He paus'd---for tenderly caressing

The darling of his wounded heart,

Looks had means only of expressing

Thoughts language never could impart.

Now night her mournful mantle spreading
 Had rob'd with black th' horizon round,
 And dank dew from her tresses shedding
 With genial moisture bath'd the ground ;

When back to city follies flying
 'Midst custom's slaves he liv'd resign'd,
 His face, array'd in smiles, denying
 The true complexion of his mind ;

For seriously around surveying
 Each character, in youth and age,
 Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
 That play'd upon this human stage,

(Peaceful himself and undefigning)

He loath'd the scenes of guile and strife,
 And felt each secret with inclining
 To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet

Yet to what e'er above was fated
 Obediently he bow'd his soul,
 For, what all bounteous Heav'n created,
 He thought Heav'n only should controul.

